SIR MARTIN Mar-People, his Coller of Esses.

Workmanly wrought by *Maister Simon Sooth-saier*, Coldsmith of London.

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Sir Martin Mar-People

his Coller of Esses.

What can be said: when so much said
can nought prevaile with men:
What signes, what threats, what words, what works,
from sage Experience pen,
Are extant in these dismal daies, to alter mans amisse:
But yet (ah wo to vs therefore) no Reformation is
Of sinfull life: the lesse our praise, the greater our perdition.
The more our woe, the lesse our weale, the neerer our destruction:
For Time brings ought to nought we see, & nought in time's amended:
Our God, our prince (our cause of peace) from time to time's offended.
Our Peace (I say) procures our Pride, our Pride our Lust inflameth,
Our peace, our pride and lawlesse lust, our graceless liues defameth:
Our Plentie springing from our Peace, is spent in sports vncleanly,
Such sports vncleane in Christians are most odious and vnseemly.
Now Vice doth vaunt, that Vertues brightnesse she hath quite obscur'd,
The brightest beauty Vertue had, now Vice hath cleane deuour'd.
O wicked age, O doting daies, wherein such ills are found,
Wherein such cares, wherein such woes, wherin such vice abounds:
O graceless world, how far thou art, from that of yore thou wast,
When kingly Saturne raign'd, but now, that golden world is past:
Thy beauty's blemisht with reproch, from whence thy shame proceed,
From good to ill, from ill to woorse, now art thou faine indeed.
What shroud may serue to hide thy shame, what volumes can containe
The brief'st description of thy faults, which doth thy fauour staine:
The wisest wits are found too weake, the cunningst Clearks want skil
Particularly t'expresse the sinnes, in thee abounding stil.
Such irreligious minds in men, such hollow hearts in manie:
Such Ianus-faced fawning friends, small trust is found in any:
Such deep deceit in countenance couch't, such treason hid in trust,
Such filthy fraud in friendly speech, such dealings most vniust:
Such murtherous mischiefs, rigorous rapes in sauage wise perfourmed
Such litle care of conscience now, such perjuries suborned:
Such brothell, baudrie, bugrie, and inhumaine shape to be,
Such monstrous brutish beastlinesse, a woonder tis to see,
Such huge oppression of the poore, where pitie should abound,
Such discord in oppinions now, the simple soule to wound,

Such restlesse iarring all for ieasts, and things of no account,
Such seeking for preheminence, by others fal to mount:
Such posting after peruish praise, that soone will fade and perish,
Such smal regard of Orphanes poore, which God commands to cherish,
Such prowling still for priuate gaine, such hunting after wealth,
Such litle heed of soules disease, such care of bodies health.
Such raging madnesse in the minds of frantick fooles a number,
Such brainsicke brawling mongst the bad, which doo the good encomber
Such partial iudgments in the Iudge, for whom the Iudge do sauour,
Such iustice, Iudge, and iudgments too, both of iniustice sauour.
Such wringing of the lawes awrie, for Lady Lucars loue,
Such huge exactions from the poore, which to their paine they proue.
Such rauenous robbing by the way, such picking in the Citie,
Such desperate moodes in graceless men, bereft of christian pitie:
Such laughing at each others losse, such griefe at others gaine,
Such persecuting silly soules, such pleasure in their paine.
Such emulation mongst the rich, such strife amongst the poore,
Such small releefe to such as hunger driues from doore to doore.
Such discontents in all estates, such climing for promotion,
Such great hipocrisie in zeale, to God such small deuotion.
Such swearing by the precious parts of him, whose painful passion
Such pardon purchac'd as preserues, the faithfull from damnation.
Such preaching ne'er in any age was vs'd, as now it is,
Such teaching former times did lacke, and yet is all amisse.
Such arguing of the force of faith, whil'st workes are left vndone,
Such blessed words, such cursed workes, cannot accord in one,
Such superfinenesse in each ler, the outward part t'adorne,
Such robes as should the soule array, to rotten rags are worne.
Such beastlie mindes in bodies braue, such craft in clownish graie,
Such clownish crafts ful hardly spied, til triall it bewraie.
Such fawning mates that flattery vse, such hath the world in price,
Such are embrac'd, whose witching words, can pitching cares intice.
Such treasons practiz'd gainst the Prince, by subiects most vnkind,
Such heards of bloody Homicides, that are to bloud inclinde:
Such hauock made, since wilful Will hath vncontrolled raign'd,
Such heapes of harmes increasing still, since Will hath will maintain'd.
Such matchlesse Machiuilian mates, with such the world doth swarme,
Such skil they haue to smile when they intend the greatest harme.
Such protestations in pretence of friendly fauours cuer,

Such

Such solemne vowes of friendships deeds, yet are performed neuer,
Such Saints in shew, such deuils in deed, neer liu'd on earth I weene:
Such clusters of Camelions, I thinke was neuer scene:
Such feedes vpon the simple sort, for such they lie in waite,
Such suckes the marrow of their bones, in whome is no deceit.
Such, yea, such still lurking lies, t'intrap the honest mind,
Such sees with Argus hundred eies,, and yet they seeme most blind.
Such witty wiles we haue to wrap our soules in Sathans web,
Such great vngraciousnes doth flow, and goodnes still doth ebb.
Such outward paintings to amend the works of God and Nature:
Such sinfull sleightes deuilde there are, to grace the forme and stature.
Such trash (I say) offends our God, such toyes he will indure,
Such pride his plagues and vengeance iust, against vs dooth procure:
Such foule immodest filth of ours, his heauenly eies offends,
Such paintings are the lines of lust, that vnto lewdnesse tends:
Such filthy fairenesse spots the soule with foule abhominations,
Such faire ones that such filth doo vse, haue cause to feare damnation.
Such care to keepe such faults vnspied, from worlds vncertaine sight,
Such proannesse to offend our God, whose iudgments still are right.
Such boldnesse in our ciuiuill broiles, such dread in Trueths defence,
Such cowardize in Conscience cause, such feare of mans offence.
Such coldnesse in the seruice which to God is onely due,
Such hot desire of change therin, though woorser doo ensue:
Such great contempt of Magistrates, whose power we reuerēce should,
Such rash rebellions in our realmes, such mischiefes manifold,
Such glorie in terrestriall trash, such trash our glorie is,
Such glory's vaine, vain-glory such, wil bar our soules from blisse,
Such carking still for cankered coine, such litle care of honesty,
Such sucking blood, such cutting throates, such practizing of villany.
Such bragging of our beastlinesse, such boasting of our sinne,
Such glutting of our greedy guts, such myre we wallow in.
Such thyrsting after fell Reuenge, for euery trifling wrong,
Such frailty cannot scape vnscourg'd, though God it suffer long.
Such cloking of our faults with fees, such blinding of Authority,
Such gifts bestowde where need is none, such litle loue and charity.
Such liberall feasting of the Fat, and famishing the Leane,
Such lifting vp the Foule aloft, and pulling down the Cleane.
Such carping at the time of such, as Time hath Traitors made,
Such putting on the golden sheath vpon the leaden blade.

Such carefull furthering of the rich, such crossing of the poore,
Such wresting from the widow, and such pulling from her store.
Such wicked matches daily made, from whence much mischiefe spring,
Such running headlong to the Deuil for euery trifling thing.
Such winking at the faults of some, such plaguing others guilt,
Such riotous spending, and such spoiles, such wealth by wantons spilt:
Such hunting of the whorish crue, such haunting of their houses,
Such great disorder euery where, such heapes of huge abuses.
Such raising rents, such doubling fines, such slender hospitality,
Such costly fare, yet nothing spare, for men in great calamity.
Such lending out for lawlesse lone, such great oppression vsed,
Such statute-Merchants now requyr'd, nay, such are oft refused:
Such cracking credits, which of yore was carefully kept vnuiolate,
Such recklesnesse in that respect with men of great estate,
Such wailing of poore wights oppress, such cries of men in misery.
Such small regard of their distresse that pine in extreame pouerty.
Such lothing of the low estate, such hating of the hie,
Such puffing pryde in mounting mindes, such pleasing of the eie:
Such rancknar rusting in the mind, such mindes of vile condition,
Such frowardnesse in euery man, such hatefull disposition.
Such great extortion in each towne, such polling in each citie,
Such deepe dissembling in the Court, such cogging in the country.
Such spight and gall'e bytternesse extended to our brother,
Such burning hearts within our breasts, such enuieng one another:
Such quelling of the quiet man, such questions daily rising,
Such factions, and such busie braines, contentions still deuising.
Such slandring of the innocent, such bering of the vertuous,
Such wronging of the wel-disposd, such fauouring the vicious:
Such disagreement in the words and deeds of euery man,
Such cursed contrariety, the Lord of hostes doth ban:
Such wicked Wolues, like Lambes attyr'd, of such the world is full,
Such from the bones of silly sheepe, the flesh and fleece do pull:
Such crafty Crocadils that weepes, til they their praie haue caught,
With such the earth's repleniſht now, with such the world is fraught.
Such bawdy bookes abounding now for sinfull delectation,
Such printed are vnder pretence of honest recreation.
Such wicked workes will worke their woe, that in such workes delight,
Such pleasant poisons slaies the soules, and suffocates the spryte.
Such volumes vile such venome haue, as soone corrupts the readers,

Such

Such readers commonly are such, as vnto vice are leaders.
Such idle drones are such I say, that liues by others toile,
Such puffes their panch by others paines, such spends by others spoile,
Such caitiffes in the common wealth, like Cankers seem to bee,
Such Cankers breed in it such cares, as ruth it is to see.
Such hanging vp, and yet such store of such do still abound.
Such executions euery where, yet still such feends are found:
Such Burglaries perfourm'd with blood, like butchers mercilesse,
Such vild Herodian crueltie, no tongue can well expresse.
Such cut-throat caruing all for coine, to clothe and cram the carkasse,
Such pinching for to spare our pence, t'inlarge our lands by purchase:
Such scowring of the surging seas for things of no auaile,
Such desperate dangers vndertane, for fancies which doo faile:
Such doting on our daintie Dames, such paines to shew them pleasure,
Such mone we make, if once they mourne, if glad: Glad out of measure.
Such feeding of their humors vaine, such fighting for their fauour,
Such large expences for their loue, such dread of their dis fauour.
Such is the care, the cursed care of such as Christians seeme,
Such seeming Christians with such cares, their Christ doo not esteeme.
Such brazen faced boldnesse now's in beauties dainty die,
Such wanton lookes inticing lust, from her lasciuious eie.
Such tricks, such toies, such sportes, such ioyes the God of heauē offends,
Such vild licencious lusts of ours, our soules to Sathan sends.
Such delicacie, such delights, such diuelish daintinesse,
Such filthy foule enormities were hatcht in hell (I guesse)
Such seuerall sinnes of sundry sort, such sorts of sinners vile,
The sea, the earth, the fire and ayer, they al with sinne defile.
Too weake I find my memorie to mention euery sinne,
The numbers are so infinite which now we wallow in.
But Zeuxes drew a vaile on that, he wanted s'kill t'expresse,
So I for want of s'kill herein, am forc'd to do no lesse:
And leaue vntoucht such cursed crimes, as Christians blot with blame,
For which they doe right well deserue the shrowding sheet of shame.
Then let's consider the estate of wretched mortal life,
What cares & crosses, plagues & paines, what woes & stormes of strife
Attends thereon: that wel's the man which soonest is from hence,
For while we liue, we liuing die in sin and foule offence:
Our daies (as holy Dauid saith) in length are but a span,
Our time is like a blast of winde, soone come, and quickly gone.

The great reuenewes we poſſeſſe, our wealth, our friends and all,
We muſt forſake (though nere ſo loth) when pleaſeth God to call,
Yet ſuch is the condition of this vale of vaine delights,
It ſo bewitcheth all our thoughtes, and rauiſheth our ſprights.
Whilſt here we are, that litle thought we haue of heauen or hell,
But feed our vaines, like Epicures, whilſt we on earth do dwell.
This world is ſuch a Syren ſweet, enchanting with her voice,
Her laies and warbling Lullabies, our ſleeping ſoules reioice,
Her pleaſures rockes vs faſt on ſleep, in cradle of ſecurity,
Whilſt Sathan lurks in ſhape vnſeene, to take his opportunity.
O wayward, wicked, wanton world, O gaping gulfe of griefe,
O ſinke of ſinne, O ſea of ſhame, of miſeries the chiefe.
O curſed Caos, ſo confuſde with heapes of hatefull ſinne,
O Labyrinth moſt intricate, for turnings out and in.
Thy painted ſhewes are ſhadowes vaine, which vaniſh with the Sun,
Thy greateſt glory ſhall decay, when mortall life is done.
Who truſts a broken ſtaffe, we ſee, doe fall ere they be ware,
Who ſowes his ſeed in miſchiefes mould, ſhall reape the crop of care.
What meane we then ſo much to make, of ſuch vncertaine traſh,
Which at vnwares, when leaſt we ween, wil leaue vs in the laſh:
All theſe and thouſands more ſuch illes, which in this world we find,
Are motiues which ſhould moue vs al, an other world to mind.
That world where the triumphant Church from ſuch extreams is free,
Where God in matchleſſe glory raignes, there ſhould we long to be.
Where holy ones with heauenly hymmes, do laud his bleſſed name,
Where Halleluiahes ſweet are ſung, in honor of the ſame:
Where that which Paule could not expreſſe, the ſame do there abound,
Where ſweet of ſweets, wher bliſſe of bliſſe, wher ioy of ioies are found,
Yea, there, ah there, if once we were, then ſhould we happy be,
Til there we find this happineſſe, vnhappy ſtil are we.
Then let vs leaue this wretched world, and cleaue vnto the Lord,
And turne from all our wicked waies, in thought, in deed and word:
That God from vs may turne his plagues, which we deſerued haue,
That whilſt we liue, we ſo do liue, that he our ſoules may ſaue.
That when our lines giue place to death, then death may ſwallowed be
Of life again, in heauen to dwell with God in perſons three:
In endleſſe glory there to reſt, and that it ſo befall,
My heart, my mind, my tongue and lips doo pray: Amen ſay all.

FINIS.